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COMMENTS  
ON THE  
NEBRASKA BILL,  
WITH  
VIEWS ON SLAVERY  
IN  
CONTRAST WITH FREEDOM;

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE FREE STATES,

BY

**One acquainted with Southern Institutions.**



ALBANY:  
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1854.



# COMMENTS

## ON THE

### NEBRASKA BILL.

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Agitation, in 1850, moved all Washington with its threatening evils, and southern politicians exerted every faculty they possessed to create alarm; and all, and only, because slaves could not be carried, by their masters, to the newly acquired territory from Mexico, to work side by side with freemen, denounced, by Southern members as northern negroes! In loud and angry tones, it was contended that the south was to be robbed of its rights, and would separate from the union. It did, however, happen, that California escaped the curse of slavery from polluting its soil, and withering its energies and enterprise, and the union still exists. Yet by the management of Senator Foote, as conservative of Mississippi, and also Senator Jefferson Davis, of the same state (conservative meaning, the retaining of all old forms, usages and abuses of slavery, and acquiring as many new privileges as the north could be frightened into conceding; secessionist, to withdraw from the union), these two rivals in ambition succeeded by the sympathy of other factious senators in creating some alarm at Washington, and, at all events, a war of big and angry words thundered in the senate.

Although feeble in health, John C. Calhoun (yet possessing great influence with the south) gave additional importance to the aspect of affairs. The debates of these conscript fathers, although divested of all dignity, by their violent and intemperate



feelings, operated upon the minds of the timid and undecided politicians. And Foote and his followers entered the contest with great address, evidently with a stronger desire to destroy their rivals, than in apprehending any disastrous results. Douglass, of Illinois, was made the unsuspecting tool of Foote, and anxious to be made a great man, and the mediator, urged the compromise of 1850, as forever to put at rest all slave contentions and agitations, and now proposes that very act to be used as the lever to entirely overthrow the Missouri compromise, and in violation of good faith, and to defraud the Indians of lands guarantied by a solemn treaty, and so opening a vast territory to peculiar institutions and speculative plunder. Foote, by far the ablest of his associates, did blow up a momentary tempest, which, acting upon the enfeebled health of Webster and Clay, these immortal men agreed to consult with Mr. Fillmore, and all three, anxious for the peace and prosperity of the union, united against the Wilmot proviso, even to favor the adoption of the fugitive slave law. And the most degrading act that stands recorded in the annals of civilization, is this peace offering of the north to the south. The dying efforts of Mr. Clay, agitated as he sincerely was, by fears of disunion, and Webster, strongly appealed to by many senators, at that eventful moment, were made to believe that the safety of the union depended upon them. Mr. Webster's speech of the 7th of March, gave victory to the south, and audacity to their views, as expressed in the Nebraska bill. And wonderful as were the efforts of oratory of Mr. Clay, entranced as were all who listened to him, they were but the rays of a setting sun after a long life of unequalled brilliancy and splendor. Believing in the sincerity of all agitation being forever put at rest, a large portion of the north, pinning their faith to this long public idol, cordially concurred, while others, more far-seeing, wept over the temporary absence of firmness, which the vote on the fugitive slave act abstracted from the glory of our country. Benton, to his lasting honor be it said, was, in the senate, the champion of freedom; and his powerful mind, like the deep-rooted oak when contending against the raging storm, visited



with all his power, and nobly too, the effort, but too successful, to extend the abuses of slavery by the hands of freedom.

It now appears, a new attempt, encouraged by the success of the last, is to be acted over again at Washington. Foote, this time, in his speeches, eulogizes Douglass, as he urges him on with the Nebraska bill, to obtain, by new alarms, new concessions; while he (Foote), in his speech to the meeting at Stuyvesant Institute, tells us that the press of the union is bribed, and every one knows it; and the old story—of the higher law senator, and freesoilers, and abolitionists, and the agitators—is raked up, to prepare the public mind to give sanction to a new concession of slavery—blessings—this time, so bountiful, as to cover the entire republic!

In opposing the Nebraska bill, all free states that look to their prosperity, are profoundly interested in its defeat. All freemen are deeply interested in opposing slavery from commingling with and corrupting the moral ties of life. And every man who loves his country, who honors freedom, must now, in firm and decided tones, stop all attempts of establishing slavery or its principles, on free territory—by free territory, we mean all the public lands of this union—and cover, with well merited execration, the author of so base and daring a scheme to ruin our great republic.

Illinois owes nothing to the south, for the grant of the public domain. All the agents employed in that railroad enterprise, have been, no doubt, more than amply repaid, and will gild over the disgrace which is doomed to blight the senator's too bold and soaring ambition.

Æsop's fable of the eagle and the crow, is an apt illustration of this attempt at power; and the disappointed, would-be president, will yet be the derision and sport of the community of freemen. He has entangled his claws in the wool, and his attempts at chattering and flying, will replace him where he should be, to reflect on the folly of small men attempting, what powerful men would be unable to accomplish. The great west, filling up rapidly with a free population of Europe, escaping the op-

pression of the tyranny of wealth in their own country, can not desire to see the nabob planter, with his negro laws, like cancers, spreading over the body politic, and degrading free labor, already presumptuously called "white negroes."

If the south have the desire to separate, they can do so; we had better say, go, than be wrangling year after year, about guaranteed rights, which we propose here to examine into. If they wish to separate, we shall cease to be their negro-catchers. If they wish to remain, they must understand that their chivalry must respect treaties, and the action of government must be upon equitable principles. It has been truly said by an English writer, that "half a century of freedom within the circuit of a few miles of rock, brings to perfection more of the greatest qualities of our nature, displays more fully the capacities of men, exhibits more examples of heroism and magnanimity, and unites more of the dim light of poetry and philosophy, than thousands of years, and millions of people collected in the greatest empire, under the eclipse of despotism. Why should we then wish to retard the progress of our growing country, by extending over its fertile lands, a system which degrades man, and blights his energies, merely to favor a few rich negro owners, already occupying an immense portion of the union.

A very sensible article, and one much to the point, is published in the Albany Morning Express, of 13th February, whose able editor wastes no words in long argument, but evinces a sound, shrewd, well-directed and comprehensive view of the Nebraska question. We copy it:

"The territory of Louisiana was first occupied by the French, including, by claim at least, all west of the Mississippi river; it was then ceded to Spain. During Washington's administration, in 1795, we entered into treaty with Spain, for a place of deposit and export in New Orleans. In October, 1802, the treaty was terminated, and we were informed that the territory had been receded to France. Subsequently, as everybody knows, the territory was purchased by the United States, of the Emperor Napoleon, for the sum of fifteen millions of dollars. The pur

chase was effected by Mr. Jefferson—and a splendid bargain it was, too. There were in the territory, at the time of the purchase, about fifty thousand people of European descent, and forty thousand slaves. Some of our wise men at Washington insist that a law of slavery existed in the country at the time we acquired, which has never been repealed, and which could not be repealed without the violation of the treaty of session. But this is mere assertion, worth absolutely nothing, unless the treaty itself is produced and the pretended law.

“But, suppose the territory did come to us with and under a law of slavery, can we never repeal the existing law of a purchased territory? The idea is absurd. The act of congress known as the Missouri Compromise, is superior to all previous laws existing in the territory. Nebraska was a portion of the Louisiana purchase. The president, Munroe, and his cabinet, and both houses of congress in 1820, were, as we think, nearly as wise men as Senator Douglas, and even all his colleagues of the senate. We respect Gen. Cass very highly, but we can not allow his opinion greater weight than that which rests on the side of the validity of the Missouri Compromise act.”

It would be indeed a singular case, if, after paying fifteen millions of dollars to France for Louisiana, then inhabited by about 90,000 people—50,000 white and 40,000 colored—we should not be permitted, in our legislation over our thus acquired territory, to exercise a right which France had, and yet exercises over all her colonies. And did she not lately emancipate all the negroes of Martinique and Guadaloupe, on the broad ground of their being human beings, and entitled equally to the enjoyment of the same rights and privileges of their pretended owners, and for which she allowed nothing by way of compensation.

How absurd, then, an abstraction for statesmen at Washington to advance the opinion that the United States has not the right, in granting away its public domain—purchased domain—to stipulate the terms of its tenure. We have states to form, to meet the wants of the most unprecedented emigration in the annals of history, and the people who own this vast domain yet

unoccupied, are told by their representatives—"you have no right to stipulate laws over national property." How absurd! We can give away lands for the promotion of any particular object, and subject to restrictions; but territories we have no right to control, or to say, as we admit them to be states, "you shall be free states or slave states." Foreigners and our own citizens thus settle the national domain, and rise above and superior to its laws.

Political integrity is rare, demagogues are many, and their political animosities are violent, and, unfortunately, their virtues are mostly of a selfish character. Well, even if we have no right to make any stipulations for states as territories, we have a right to shut out slavery from treading the soil. We may legislate upon every thing, pretty much, unless such legislation has the slightest, the most remote influence upon the "peculiar institution of slavery." This, we are told, is sacred—not to be interfered with. The treaties of the most sacred, solemn character, we may violate; but slavery, alas, which was not permitted to figure in our constitution, "because holding property in man was not just," we are now told, was the guarantee of our confederation.

The ex-senator Foote came to New-York, on his way to California, to warn his northern friends that the president was false, that the public press was bought up, and the thought of factionists daring to agitate a repeal of the compromise of 1850, was, he confessed, *monstrum horrendum!*

This compromise, let it be understood, Douglass contends, annuls the Missouri compromise. It is somewhat surprising that the ex-senator, with his love of the poets, had not indulged in some tender effusion of poetry to proclaim the mercy of slavery. Perhaps, had Hale or Seward been there, he might have repeated some of the oft-indulged, and always amusing effusions hurled against these senators. But ex-senator Foote might, had he chosen, have told his northern hearers that the words slave and slavery were stricken out of the constitution by such an abolitionist as James Madison. because he would never consent to ac-

*knowledge property in man.* This declaration of one of our most admired and illustrious statesmen—deservedly honored and popular—was the expression of a democratic president, long before Softs or Hard Shells were words used to denote the character of men or political parties.

The French government long before this, or Seward was born, contended that "law, to be law, must be invested with authority greater than the subject whose obedience it challenges; otherwise law is only another name for injustice, and that morality which has not the authority of God as its basis, is without foundation." Slavery, therefore, being in opposition to God's will, as repeated by our Savior, to "do unto others as you would be done by," has no moral foundation. For unquestionably no man in his sound senses would wish to be a slave. Now then, as the south thinks proper to come from the banks of the Mississippi, to instruct us in the north, as to what we are expected to do regarding their peculiar slave institutions, we regret that so shadowy a picture should have been drawn by the ex-senator, and, though an excitable little man, we have no doubt he has a large bump of benevolence to his slaves, although combativeness has its mark close by. If southern gentlemen will come among us and make speeches to us on their favorite institutions, they must excuse us if we presume to agitate for ourselves, on our own soil, and to even exult in our own institutions of freedom.

To do so will be the object of this article. To the word negro great opprobrium is attempted to be affixed, yet the river Nigris is much like the Mississippi, about as muddy, and having just about as many alligators swimming in its waters, and gives its name to the inhabitants as does the Mississippi, and, if we are to believe Mungo Park and other writers, Africa affords many instances of educated individuals, modest and humane, although bowie knives and pistols are not in vogue, yet coffee abundant and of excellent quality. The song written by a negro woman, in Mungo Park's presence, and who sheltered him and his companions during a long storm, is exquisitely beautiful and



touching. The ex-senator is less friendly to free-soilers and abolitionists than to slaves. Such prejudices are as natural as tyranny against freedom. The northern abolitionist we will leave to the tender mercies of ex-senator Foote, and confine our remarks to "the peculiar institutions."

The feeling against abolitionists is not confined to ex-senator Foote. John C. Calhoun, like ex-senator Foote, was an agreeable and kind-hearted man in all the private and social relations of life, yet his political feelings were so influenced by his dogmas on slavery, that his opinions, like the shooting stars of heaven, were ever wandering from their orb to be lost in error. He, too, keenly disliked abolitionists and free-soilers, as well as all other Christians who opposed his peculiar institutions.

Mr. Calhoun has told us that the relations of master and man have ever existed—existed beyond known time—and that negroes were bought and sold in the United States before any enactment made them slaves; and he doubted whether there was a state in the Union ever passed a law on the subject. This opinion confounds master and man with master and slave, yet in the confession do we not see the history of slavery clearly defined? The African slave trade does not run back to unknown ages; it is of a more recent date, and confined to the American continent. Our great trade was principally under the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is now about forty-six years since the law of congress abolished the slave trade on the ocean, and mark the then strong existing feelings of horror, when the penalty was death to all directly or indirectly engaged in the traffic.

Very few of the slaves imported prior to 1808 are now living; if any, inefficient. The great increase are born in these United States, the land of liberty; and by our declaration all men free and equal. Slavery, from its very first existence, was a thing of oppression; a cold-blooded and abominable stealing of human beings—the violation of all international law—the temptings of avarice to overlook humanity—the act of the ruffian, seizing upon his prey in a comparatively benighted land, and then to transport him, fettered and chained, during a long and loathsome

voyage, to sell him, guilty of no crime, the wretched, ever changing slave, with his children and their issue from generation to generation, sold as are the cattle of the field. And well might we borrow and use the quotation of the ex-senator Foote, "*Horrendum monstrum.*"

Education is a blessing which can not too highly be appreciated. It elevates the character of man, and, as the entire world must eventually be governed by the truths of the new testament, it is the foundation, the unerring star of all our hopes.

Yet such is the inhuman character of slavery, that he who educates a negro is fined and imprisoned, and this blessing thus denied to slavery. The slave owner controls the body of his negro, and to his soul forbids the readings for which our Savior came on earth to bless mankind, and the beautiful precepts of that sacred volume, which every child should be taught, as the most important study of life, is, from the want of instruction, unknown to the negro.

And this is one of the benefits of a Nebraska bill. We see the benign effect of the instruction imparted in China, by a few missionaries, overturning the idolatry of a government which has ruled for ages in religious ignorance, and now its pagan altars falling before the truths of the new testament. The Mahomedan, struggling for his national rights, fighting side by side of the Christian, and on his crescent banner is seen "the cross," to inculcate faith with unbelief; the islands of the Pacific and all India are instructed in its consoling doctrines; the same blessings are carried to Africa, and in the United States the negroes are cursed by a slavery which forbids instruction, and thereby, to the great mass, the precepts of their salvation unknown to them. In Virginia, a respectable female and her daughter, are imprisoned for teaching at a Sunday school to little black children, while in Alabama a negro is burnt at the stake, and in the writhings of pain he draws out the rivets that confined him, he is shot down—and all such acts without law to appeal to; and such privileges are required to be carried out by the Nebraska bill.



An attempt is now made to nullify the Missouri compromise, and, if the movers in the nefarious undertaking think that their iniquitous scheme is to be tamely and quietly submitted to, sad indeed to them will be their mistake. If the compromise of 1850 was carried out, it was only because all future agitation was to cease; and thus did public opinion yield to it? Had, however, such details as the following then been published, no fugitive slave law would have disgraced our legislative hall, and who, that has a heart to feel, will not be moved with indignation to read of such deeds in our should-be-free America? We can not claim to be a model government. We must get rid of such "peculiar" acts, yes, before we can claim to be even just or merciful.

Not long since we read of Epps *compelling*, by threats and promises, his negro to unite in the murder of an innocent man, to avoid paying a debt. Now, again, is a yet more brutal act. We extract it:

"HORRIBLE MURDER OF A SLAVE—BEASTLY CRUELTY.—PETERSBURGH, Nov. 16.—Thomas Motley has been convicted at Alterborough, S. C., for the murder of a runaway slave. It was proved on the trial, that the inhuman monster first shot and then whipped the slave. After which he put him in a vice, and tortured him. He then set him loose, started bloodhounds after him, who ran him down, mangling him horribly, and then, as a consummation of his fiendish purposes, he cut up the body of the slave, and fed the flesh to his dogs." The Charleston papers generally rejoice at the conviction of this fiend in human shape.

The Pittsburgh Express, to which journal we are indebted for the above fact, understands that the negro was most cruelly whipped and beaten—one of his eyes having been knocked entirely out.

The Charleston papers, it seems, generally rejoiced at the conviction of the fiend in human shape. True, we are told that the Charleston papers condemned the deed; what else could a city of its intelligence, or editors of humanity, fail to do?

But we ask, should such a state of things, by any possibility, exist—that a human being may be beaten, hunted down, tortured, murdered, his flesh cast to the dogs, and yet not dare to raise his hand in his own defence, for fear of being burnt at the stake? The law allows no self-defence to a negro; and, should an entire plantation, one or two thousand of his own color, have witnessed the act, not one could legally testify against the murderer, or arrest him, unless “trampling upon peculiar laws,” to receive, for so doing, additional “peculiar vengeance.”

Had this poor, tortured slave, pursued by his bloodhounds, been strong and fleet enough to have escaped, and he had fled to, and had reached a free state, and, showing his lost eye, his lacerated and bleeding back, with his quivering flesh torn from his limbs, and have asked charity, the fugitive law, “that assertive of those great truths that lie at the foundation” of American liberty (to use the language of Senator Foote, when speaking of the South), would denounce the benevolence of handing a morsel of bread and a few dollars to the slave, and saying to him, “Fly on, poor negro. Mercy has no impulse for you. The liberty of this union is linked with slave inhumanity. The congress of the United States has passed a law, allowing ten dollars more for your condemnation than for your acquittal. Hasten on to Canada; when you reach her land, the flag of England will make you free; all colors there are safe; chains, and manacles, and shackels will no more trouble you.” The same law that governs the highest nobleman will be yours. Yet, just such advice, and prompted by feelings of piety and Christianity, guided by our Savior’s command, would be here acted upon, of “do unto others as ye would be done by”; but, condemned by a lower law! Gov. Seward’s higher law was but re-echoing the sentiments of the pious and eloquent Bishop Gregoire, in his defence of the revolution of San Domingo.

And the day is not very remote, when union of action among the slaves of the United States, will propound to their masters the questions, by what right am I a slave? What sin have I committed, to merit such a destiny? What international law justifies

a man's being dragged from his family, by pirates, chained, for months, and conveyed to a loathsome ship, and to another country, to be sold? And what better right, they will ask, has he who purchased man so stolen, to hold him in bondage—in closely confined captivity,

“There to mourn misfortune's rudest shock!”

What other feelings than smothered revenge, can harbor in the bosom of the involuntary laborer? Whatever worldly things we become possessed of, if practicable in their nature, are at once claimed by the least shadow of title as legalized property, and though wrongly acquired, are seldom voluntarily relinquished. Their means of possession are lost sight of in our prayers. We repeat the commandment, “Thou shalt not steal,” and as the offensive pill that is gilded over to hide its character, we so swallow the theft, to make it an apparent virtue. For daring to intimate cruelties less atrocious than we have referred to—yes, for simply intimating such deeds as the curse of slavery entail, what have not been the denunciations against the talented authoress of *Uncle Tom*. Yet what a privilege is hers, to be applauded by ages to come, as the advocate of an oppressed people and ill-used race. Mrs. Stowe will be cherished for her emanations of virtue and truth, when civilization will spurn with indignation, such rantings as uttered by Senator Foote.

The sentiments conveyed by *Uncle Tom*, fall upon the heart as the warm rain of spring upon the earth; they cause compassion to start into new life, and although, by the seed which laid waiting the moisture of heaven, to germinate into the beautiful flower, weeds may shoot up; so by the side of humanity may be heard the breathings of inhumanity; for it is the nature of the many, to ridicule all sympathy. But, if progress is the watchword of the times, Mrs. Stowe has launched her chariot with eclat, and, as that of the goddess of morn, will continue to shed a soothing light of mercy. We are changing; we have changed. The eyes of prejudice are unveiled, and many see who before saw not, and hear where they heard not;

reason at last begins to exercise her wonted power, and good must from day to day display its happiest results.

Already, this interesting work has penetrated into the parlors of fashion, as a missionary of truth, feelingly and eloquently telling of things which those who move in the gay and luxurious pleasures of life, votaries to the selfish world, and hitherto biassed by the reviews of enlisted mercenaries, paid to misrepresent the negro character, are now made sensible of their wrongs. Humanity therefore awakes, and startles with horror, as she uplifts the before controlled and imprisoned impulses of nature, and the parent and the child, and even the stern man of society, weep together, as they run over the, alas! but too truthful pages, pointing out the daily occurrences of slavery. With pride, every mother recalls the history of Cornelia of the Gracci, and remembers with thrilling delight, when she was asked, by worthless vanity, where are your jewels, she pointed to her children, which with labor and pain she had given birth to, and with virtue and all the attributes of benevolence, she was rearing, to become the brightest ornaments of society. In classic lore, we find nothing more delightful than this maternal elevation of soul. In those days, women were contented to be women, and not the wearers of pantaloons; and even in these go-a-head times they look far more fascinating with a sweet boquet of flowers, their own sweet emblem, than with cudgels in hand, the knock-down arguments of savage man. But in recalling to recollection the Roman matron, what can we imagine, more entitled to admiration, than Eliza, the submissive and devoted, almost white, slave, of the Uncle Tom. Submissive, with innate fidelity and love, to her mistress, yet when she discovered that her master was chaffering for the sale of her little child of affection, her only boy, all the tenderness and meekness of nature assumed a Christian character, resolute and fearless in well-doing, and, rather than see her child handed over to the brutal negro dealer, she resolved at once to rescue him,

“Feeling that ’twas no crime to love too well,  
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,  
To act a feeling, and a mother’s part.

And this young slave, contented, when devoting herself to a kind mistress, resolved to save her child. And where is that being who could not follow, with a throbbing bosom, this victim of oppression, as she hastened to a goal of liberty, leaping over the floating ice, as pursued by the wretches who stop at the danger, not daring to follow her, yet brooding over the anticipated gains of transferring innocence to the slave market of prostitution. And, to aid such a flying object of pity, guilty of no crime but the love of liberty, the fugitive slave law would denounce, to use the ex-senator's figure, "*Horrendum monstrum!*"

Putting aside the evil of slavery itself, what can be imagined more disastrous than slavery in free states? The honored son of an industrious farmer, who has not the means to own slaves to gratify indolence, finds himself the neighbor of a large negro nabob. His pride forbids his working side by side with slaves, otherwise he degrades his own high prerogative of a freeman. He soon becomes idle, and, sooner than he anticipates, he loses the cast in which freedom glorifies man. Look to the southern pine woods; can the most fertile fancy picture a class of men more debased? They literally vegetate, they do not live to reach nor dare they aspire to any post of honor—are looked upon by the richer planter as an inferior race. Then, again, it can not be possible that Germans, and Swiss, and Italians, English, Dutch, and all the free people of Europe, coming to our shores, themselves escaping from oppression, can wish to entail slavery upon others. Forbid the thought! Two hundred and fifty thousand men owning four millions of fellow men, on whose offspring the joys of liberty are never expected or intended, if in their master's power, to shed one ray of freedom—are they to control this universe?

Senator Gwin, of California, is for giving a free, untrammelled range to slavery. If so, a bolder insult can not be offered to California. His constituents all laboring freemen, and by whose voices he is honored as a senator! Rich himself, a large slave owner, would he wish to put his negroes with his overseer as the companions of freemen? To work at the mines and at the diggings with free labor? If such should be the case,



we could only say, how quickly man clothed in a little brief power, forgets all others for himself. Such are the movements made by slave owners.

The object of all governments should be to promote the prosperity of the great mass of society, and not to introduce, into free states, principles to degrade its inhabitants by institutions at variance with the noblest sympathies of the age. The dark and hideous features of moral depravity should be curtailed, not spread. We live for reforms where reforms are needed, and purer and brighter should be the mantle of justice that we place over our states.

As may be shown, the slave states have been unfortunately extended by too many and easy concessions, and now we see the evil of what has been done; and if it can not be eradicated at once, it should, at least be prevented from growing larger. Sooner or later it must be. When Gen. Cass was the defeated candidate for the presidency, his idea of being a northern man with southern principles, caused his defeat. Politicians may try to blow hot and cold with the same breath, hoping not to offend the philanthropy of the day, but it will not answer; the people, now, as in the days of Æsop with the satyr and the traveler, will not believe in the same thing producing two contrary effects. Humanity, at all events, can not be thus defended, nor hypocrisy resorted to, without exciting the indignation of an intelligent and reflecting community. Those who adopt the maxim of Hudibras,

“That he who fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day,”

are a class of warriors we need not in the ranks of the warfare of freedom. The many estimable traits in the character of Gen. Cass, for the presidency, his acknowledged talents and his gallantry as a soldier, his opponents could not assail, with any success; but his being accused of yielding the noble feelings of philanthropy to southern exactions, will no longer, in the north, add to his fame or his influence, if advocated.

The day has come when things must be known and supported by their real and proper names. The lights and shadows of life

are so different that no statesman can mistake them. Even in that part of our country where slavery darkens the face of nature, and miscalculating selfishness encourages ignorance, the race of the family of the negro is looked to, by the purchaser, as the sportsman of the turf looks to the sire of the horse he purchases. And why should not the people of the free states look to the deeds of those leaders who have no sires in their pedigree of distinction, always dangerous on trial; and, alas, but too many of such are brought to the legislature, and to congress, whose qualities are found wanting and are ever bolting, worthless, unreliable animals, on whom no faith can be placed. When we take up men without political honor, we must expect to be duped, and we should clearly canvass the worth of those we elevate before we raise them to the position in which they may do harm. In 1848, all must remember how eloquently were described the evils of slavery, and the necessity of reform. But some of these slippery politicians have outstripped, in their political gastronomic qualities, the avaricious anaconda, by swallowing the entire Baltimore platform, slavery and all, and would no doubt have done a little more if any positive reward had been secured to them, on the ladder, worthy of their desertion.

Such politicians disgrace the cause they defend; they sully the purity and justice of the principles they sport with. Their motives being selfishness, they twist and turn, displaying, as the chameleon, ever-changing hues to the new lights they appear in, and yet, strange as it is true, such is the infatuation of mankind, that a flash of wit runs away with reason, and political harlequins transfer themselves, with unequaled assurance, on every new platform on which their changing tricks are exhibited. However, but one feeling can govern the honest indignation which such conduct gives rise to, and in the end justice triumphs.

The contest now is narrowed down to freedom or no freedom, humanity or no humanity; to justice or injustice, principle or no principle. All heretofore expressing an opinion unfavorable to slavery, were at once denounced as abolitionists, and however modest their opinions, the threadbare accusation "to disturb



the south," was raised against them. To a certain extent the accusation was true, but only so, because the evils of slavery are dark displays of the same thing; nothing bright or dazzling belongs to it, no cheering ray of variety is seen in it, and the inhabitants of all civilization view it with abhorrence, as oppressive and demoralizing. To the master spirit of all iniquity—the devil—we attach the same horrors. These are all imagination—fancy colors of torments. But slavery is a thing of earthly existence, and elicits the same unvarying disgust, presented in whatever form it is seen. Our ever venerated, loved and immortal father of the country, strongly expressed his feelings against the injustice of slavery; and on the page of history, this sentiment will adorn his illustrious and glorious memory. The same feelings warmed the hearts of all the statesmen of the revolution, Madison, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, all the virtue and talent of the south, entertained, with sincere belief, the conviction that all the states were to pass laws to emancipate the slaves. It was a general understanding; and acting up to the moral obligation, the north liberated their slaves.

In the attempt to justify slavery, the monstrous and indelicate expression is indulged in, that the negroes, after all, were but baboons in their origin, and are only fit for labor. This is the phraseology of a class of society whose ideas and thoughts illustrate their brutal feelings to those over whom they tyrannize, and remind us of an old West-Indian trader, who, in reply to some remark of his companion, with whom he was indulging in a copious bowl of hot punch, observed, "that he would as soon eat a well-stewed negro as a monkey or a terrapin, and he considered all that are black skin of the same genus." A little, light mulatto boy, who was standing near by, unobserved by the old sea-wretch, instantly retorted upon the captain by asking "What race are you?" and before the astonished captain could recover from his surprise, he continued, "I should have to be very hungry, indeed, before I could hope to digest so tough an object as yourself; I think I should rather die, however well seasoned you might be." This quick retort, coming from the quarter it did,

created a general laugh, and, with a curse or two, the captain and his friend retired, and we saw no more of them after that evening. Had this reply, well-timed as it was, been made in a slave state, the mulatto would have been well beaten for his temerity, in despite of the manifestation of his insulted dignity. Of the character of the captain, are the minds of the greater portion of northern pro-slavery wits, and, in fact, often very far the inferiors of those they revile. Pope says,

“There are whom heaven has blest with a just share of wit,  
Yet want as much again to govern it.”

But such men have neither wit, judgment nor taste, and think that in the use of the term “woolly heads,” they have reached the sublimity of a Milton, or the genius of a Shakspeare.

The brain of a negro, the formation of face, and other pretended differences, are not more striking or peculiar than the variety which exists in the features of an Irishman or an Highlander, a Frenchman or a German. The laws of nature powerfully designate nationality; but no law that we have seen designates which one race is justified in making slaves of the other.

The barons of old claimed all the human family as created for their especial use, and complained of the violation of their just rights, when their vassals rose in the power and in the majesty of man, to overthrow long-abused privileges, which had bound them as subservients. The struggle was long. Many a poor vassal bit the dust, and many a lance was broken, before oppression ended; but justice at last prevailed. It was no doubt a rare and delightful privilege to enjoy their vast baronial halls, made strong and splendid by their vassal's labor, with bastions frowning down upon the villages beneath, revelry and mirth and sumptuous banqueting within, spreading far and wide along the Rhine, ancestral hospitality made glorious by the exactions of the proud baron, from the sweat of the people's brow.

The vassals were, however, protected in their homes, and their wives and families were their own, thus making even the feudal ages enviable when compared with this negro age. The old castles, yet beautiful in their slowly mouldering ruins, with their

evergreen and soul-stirring legendary lore, raise their decaying but still massive walls above the mountain tops, adding to the picturesque scenery and grandeur of the enchanting fatherlands, telling of past ages. May the western world be to those who have sought our shores, an asylum of peace and happiness, wealth and education, free from the witherings of slavery, more oppressive than the feudal castles.

It is but natural to wish to be free. Even the pampered horse, that slips his halter, as he escapes from his confined stall and runs to the green meadows, indulges in his pranks of freedom, dashing impetuously over the grass and grain, and snorts and paws up the soil, as he proudly looks around and inhales the air of heaven. If an attempt is made to check his liberty, he redoubles onward his action, and as he speeds his way, kicks at his groom, if he attempts to catch him. The negro may be called goods and chattels, as "humanely baptized in the south;" but, in his peculiar character, it can not be denied that he has more reflection than a horse, and, withal, a human voice; and, if originally a baboon, he has become so often crossed and re-crossed, as now to possess a human soul. Spurzheim contended that it was to this process of change in the negro, his physical developments, as also his mental faculties, greatly improved, and not unfrequently surpassed the capacities of the original cross; and it may be so, for on plantations you find negroes, more noble, wiser and ingenious as mechanics, and better men in morals, than the overseers who direct them; certainly, greater powers of endurance on less costly food, and in the workings of nature, daily acquiring new ideas, and aspiring to new desires. Local laws, for a few yet brief years, may deprive them of education; but in the intercourse of the white man, like any two substances rubbing together, polish by their friction; so negroes, when sold from the old states, carry the information thus acquired to their associates. What we have seen and enjoyed we never forget; it becomes daguerreotyped and second nature. The day, too, may come, if oppression is carried too far, when a Toussaint, a Christophe, a Boyer, or a Pole, or a Hungarian

refugee enthusiast, may spring up to head the cause of freedom, with the song of "Carry me back to old Virginia," "Carry me back to the dear tar state."

National songs, from the time of Greece to the present, have had their moving effect. In every aspect in which liberty is presented, it has its charm. Who that breathes the invigorating air will deny its influence? The word *freedom* is supposed to robe in mercy the redeemed captive, and when so, quick as thought, it acts and vibrates on his senses, as the thunder of heaven in purifying the heated atmosphere of nature. Liberty is, indeed, an attribute coming from the same beneficent hand, and to obtain which every oppressed people of the world are panting. By liberty is not meant wild, ungovernable licentiousness, not contempt of laws and just restraint, but tempered rights of man, by the enactment of laws to control all alike; not to invest in one man the power of life and death upon another, called slave, only differing in color, and by excluding such evidence as might establish innocence and punish the perjured. Now, the base acts of plantation life are hidden from view. A negro may endure the tortures of Hell, and no one is the wiser. So long as the eye of the white is kept from the scene of cruelty carried on, the murderer escapes. It is this evil which requires the hand of mercy. As it is, "their justice is an idle mockery."

The negro's heart knows no resting place; for him, hope has no cheering spot to repose on; memory is filled with sorrows; playful days of contented youth, he has none to look back upon; withered and broken ties are his to mourn over; no outstretched hand welcomes him; no smile greets his coming, but many are the tears of parting, in tearing asunder all those sacred relations of life which are freedom's joys. If he flies from a brutal master, the fugitive law pursues him, and his fate is like that of Uncle Tom; without care, after being whipped with inexorable cruelty, he is left on his bed of straw,

"With a crushed and bleeding heart,  
Spurned by master, there he falls to die."

To spread over the earth such scenes, is the Nebraska bill.

Has man, stolen from his native land, no right to fly from his oppressor? We must suppose none, if the acts of congress are to be considered the oracles of a merciful God.

Sad indeed, then, is the history and the fate of the poor African. He has no home. If, in the spring day of joy, a rose bud is planted by the cabin of logs or mud, and he has watered its earth in the care of its growth, he may have been dragged away by a negro trader or the sheriff, to pay his master's debts. If not himself, the wife, the child of his affections, before he or they have witnessed its blossom, or regaled on its fragrance.

Such are the blessings of American slavery. Thus are families separated, and life made a torture, as the drawings of the rope on the rack, each renewed pressure making the pang more severe. But we are told by the heedless and unthinking, this is not oppression. No, it is called "usage;" and the white mother who presses the babe of her own love and labor to her bosom, who receives the tender sympathy of her friends in the anxious hours of her sufferings, but forgets the dangers of her accouchement in the birth of her child, and rears it in tenderness, surrounded by fashion and wealth and comforts, has, but too often, the philanthropy to talk of the happy life of slavery, which makes the black mother "goods and chattels," and her only comforts, which should be her children, are, when nourished into life, taken from her and sold.

The husband who has saved his hard-earned gains (after his task is ended), to impart some little comfort to his wife, not unlikely is sold from her, and carried away, while she yet lies on her bed of suffering, the "breeding object of slavery." The mandate of "they whom I have united, let no man break asunder," seems to be words so little important, that the refined Christian can dispense with their effect. And how many such do we hear boasting that they have not read *Uncle Tom*, because it is a work against slavery, and usage has sanctioned it in the south. One thing is quite certain, we see many a southern planter, who, with a black face, would have made a very ugly negro; the same remark may apply to the north, or any



other country. It must, however, be an admitted fact, that on the plantations you see the proportion of intermixed colors rapidly increasing; they may thus soon become wise without education, and not unlikely become free, without any aid but their own resolves. Knowledge creates power, and brings with it a free agency; it unfolds the destiny of life, as enjoyed in freedom, while it opens the volume of instruction in proclaiming and discriminating between good and evil, and points out the way to reach the one and shun the other. Our feelings to this class of the community seem to be influenced by all possible prejudice; because they are not on a footing of equality with the whites, and at once we jump to the conclusion that they would be better as slaves. You are told they can not vote in the state of New York, unless they have freehold to the extent of \$500; that few, therefore, vote. All this proves nothing more or less than injustice, and that the white man is valued \$250 more than the black, by an unjust law.

Illiberality exists, wherever mean prejudices prevail. Not long since, in some parts of Germany, the Jew was subject to a toll at the entrance of every town, and by the side of the castle his rate was written down, a hog, so much; a Jew, so much.

In one of the large towns of Prussia a destructive fire occurred, impoverishing a vast number of its inhabitants. Subscriptions were opened; the king and several princes of independent duchies subscribed, with what was considered great generosity. A Jew banker of wealth subscribed a million of rix dollars, the one-third of all the entire sum collected. A few years afterwards, having occasion to pass through the same town, the banker was refused an entrance, until special permission could be had.

Now, these prejudices, with more general education, have disappeared. In Holland, in Amsterdam, a Jew was not permitted to inhabit a house next to a Christian, without a special permission of the neighbors to the right and left. Unkind feelings are excited here against the blacks, in a great measure, by misrepresentations of editors; but it is nevertheless the fact, that education

is every year improving their condition. At this period of our national existence, we are told that slaves are the cement of our union. If it had been so, the declaration of independence was then a lie to mankind, and not less so is it now. Our noble statesmen opposed the idea of property in man. But as the general understanding was that slavery should soon cease, in the meantime slave representation should be allowed to the states. Mr. Madison was certainly opposed to the use of the word, to imply property in man; indeed, all the south then concurred in the same view of the subject. If, now, any allusion is made to slavery, the quick answer follows, do you wish to sanction the danger of the union? The bugbear of alienating the south from the north is set forth, as if the opposing of injustice is likely to endanger a nation's power and glory. All who had studied the politician's heart, and traced his wiles and tricks to court popularity, smiled with pity at the efforts, in 1850, made to create alarm. Benton, fearless and honest, was found at his place, watching the intriguers, the firm advocate of justice. He listened to Webster's last speech, and he opposed Clay, evidently wondering that such a man should be influenced by the croakings of Douglass and Foote; and, in *their* denunciations of the abolitionists of the north, he saw would-be-presidents in the foreground of the picture, less sincere than their admirers. So artfully were all the pullers of the wires in Washington and elsewhere hid from immediate observation.

The fugitive law to save the union! Had Gen. Taylor lived, no such remedy would have been recorded. When reason interposed, folly cried fanatic; and this popular institution of the south triumphed. If you wish to destroy the union, the trained band party exclaimed, oppose the fugitive slave. If you condemned slavery, with cool effrontery you were asked, do you wish amalgamation? Do you wish to keep alive discontent; to oppose the opinions of Webster, Clay, Foote, and all the excited south?

The star of many whigs and numerous cliques, was Daniel Webster; and the star of Webster was the presidency. That some leaders are fanatics, is not unlikely; but others, again, called abolitionists, to their honor be it said, stood firmly on the plat-



form of Christianity, and valiantly pleaded for common justice; with the New Testament for their guide, they opposed slavery. We have not, and we do not intend to suggest, that negroes shall be brought into society; that they shall be placed, pell mell, at all public places, with the white population; but, that they shall have their appropriate stations by themselves; and, if whites choose to commingle with them, and they choose to admit them, well and good. This, while public feeling draws a distinction of color, and prejudice prevails, is all we can hope for. As the law of the state gives them the benefit of education, and thus in time will do much to improve their condition, and make them set a proper value upon their character; for cultivation of mind will set a value upon any human being. Because we do not think proper to admit any particular class of persons into our society, it does not follow that we should deny to them legal rights, religious rights, and the same pursuits of happiness of ourselves; or, more especially, that we should do all we can to degrade them, by taking from them all incentive to elevate their moral, intellectual, religious character, and pecuniary position. They should no more be stolen and made slaves of, than the white man; and it is one of the absurd inconsistencies of false notions, of national folly, that we should, with Quixotic chivalry, be ready to buckle on the armor of war, to protect a subject of a foreign state, who comes voluntarily amongst us, notifies his intention to belong to our generous republic, and then leaves us to wade through blood, and spend millions for his protection, and yet degrade our institutions of freedom, by holding stolen men in slavery, and their offspring slaves, till the last trump shall sound, unless, acting as the vassals of Europe, they shall rise in their own power, and, as San Domingo, assert their own rights.

The struggle of the slaves for their freedom, must come to pass. Evils, more serious than the south apprehend, await their destiny. Emancipation, as was established in the state of New York and other free states, might avert the horrors which the Nebraska bill is preparing for our country, and may save an enormous expenditure to the country.

Our western world is peopling by men of industry, by emigrants who have left and are leaving their native land, to enjoy

all the enlarged blessings of freedom in their new homes. Few, and very few isolated cases may occur, of their purchasing slaves, to make men what in a measure they have escaped, by leaving the old continental world, and the tyranny of self-gorged, kingly caprice.

In this age, an effort for freedom might not be opposed by freemen. We are not an Austrian government, with a Haynau to head its armies; nor our people ready, as a Bedini, to administer the scalping knife, to the condemned martyr in the cause of his liberty. In this land of boasted civilization and freedom, it is a foul stain upon the nation, that any man may have the power to commit a murder upon a man of another color, and escape all punishment, if he but perpetrate his deed of horror beyond the reach of the white man's observation. Violent passions may, casually, lead the infuriated madman to expose himself to the law's penalty; but the fiends in human form, will look around before they commence their whetted gloatings of revenge; and such are the stone-hearted overseers, on the outlawed, lonely plantations. And are the freemen of this country and Europe, who come to our bosom, to cease to cherish and venerate freedom, and to see their labor of honor made inglorious by the dark tide of slavery surrounding and engulfing them, by the overflowings of inhumanity?

The declaration of our independence, which all emigrants have read at times, told them that all men on our soil were born free and equal; and it is now their duty, as it should be their pride, to raise their voice against any violation of plighted faith, or to sanction the opening of the floodgates, by which the rich negro owner is to circumvent, with the outpourings of his surplus negroes, the home which should alone gather round it the smiles of social content.

Hundreds of thousands of emigrants from Europe are yearly swelling the western states, and instead of senators, such as Douglass, being permitted to turn from their hearts the heaven-born throbbings of liberty, rather let additional lands beset apart for school funds, so that the best of education may be given gratuitously, to the children rising into life, making them instructed, enterprising, virtuous men, capable of guiding the plow,

the army, or the state. Such is, eventually, to be their proud destiny.

The free states do not envy the wealth which is acquired by negro labor, in slavery; but, while with the rest of the civilized world, they consider the continuance of slavery nothing else than the stronger ruling, for a time being, the weaker, and at best a precarious possession, would suggest, that in studying prudence, it might be a good and wise policy for the south to desist from comparing their slaves with our freemen. These comparisons are the more ill-timed, inasmuch as a now vast many of the south, who have acquired great wealth, were very humble adventurers. We mean nothing disparaging by the word adventurers, but would say, that as mechanics, and less elevated grades, they left their homes, and in so doing, have built up the south and themselves, much to their credit and honor. But while indulging in the favorite epithet of northern slaves, they should look back to their fathers, and trace to their fathers' occupations, when they will find, while they themselves are now at the top of their ladder, politically and commercially, the family ladder had been long trodden on the lower rounds. In our country, happily, labor is honored, and the highest title men can enjoy, is to be honest; and the harder he labors to acquire wealth, the more will be his undisputed and praiseworthy estimation and respect in society. That poor, free blacks are to be seen in the north, no one presumes to question the fact. Many are the poor of all classes and colors, and of all nations, who may here be found destitute; more, however, from natural indolence, than from want of employment, to gain a comfortable livelihood. It is the case, also, with many whites, and such will ever be the unhappy fate of some of our fellow creatures, all the world over. But we are told that such things do not exist in the south. Certainly, they do not; and for several reasons. First, negroes are not permitted to leave their plantations; they are not free agents (but can and do beg stoutly, when chance offers). Secondly, their time is too valuable to lose; and, thirdly, if found strolling about, they are taken and cast into prison, which they exceedingly dislike. Still they are continually running away, to escape the lash of the overseer. When taken out of jail, they are ironed and sent

home, and, as an example to others, are punished with from 100 to 300 lashes, at the cost of flesh and blood, which are more cheaply healed by a little washing of salt water, than would be the master's purse, having to pay protracted jail fees, and losing in the bargain, the time of the negro.

But the white gentlemen of the Pine woods, designated Piney-woodsmen, who are free agents, are, in fact, more wretched than our poor people, and yet with enjoying greater public advantages. They squat on the public lands, for which they pay nothing; no taxes; have plenty of wood to burn; they girdle a few trees, then scatter a little turnip seed and collards, plant a few sweet potatoes, build miserable log houses, milking such cows as they can pen, by dividing the milk with the calves, during part of the season. This class, degraded as they are by the rich planters, are far less intelligent than our most abject; less industrious, less worthy of respect, than our free negroes; and well they may be, when labor is dishonorable; and it necessarily follows, that they are more jealous of the rich negro lords, than are our poorer classes, of their more prosperous. Here our poor men have education, and, at all events, their children, forming the rising generation, will enjoy the blessing of education. Every avenue to office, to wealth, will thus be open to them.

How different in the south! In the Pine woods, the people are free by name, but humbled in spirit by the nabobs, whose riches, so far from benefiting degrades them, consequently disinclines them to all agricultural industry, which, in our free states, adds so essentially to the health, beauty, contentment and riches of society. It requires some ingenuity to fall upon a suitable word to express, with all proper consideration, their honorable distinction. In the north, very many would be caught as trespassers, but in the south, where vast forests are barely dotted with their abodes, they are likely to enjoy, for an age, undisturbed possession. Lean bacon constitutes their winter supply. Their habitations are squalidly miserable, within and without. They are a second class of chivalry, between the planter and the negro, held in great contempt by the latter, yet, as white men, exercising the right of manual power over them. Since the social

and industrial existence of our blacks and working men, are so frequently spoken of, and by time-serving sycophants hired to misrepresent them, we would ask if any of the two hundred negroes who waited on the banquet given at the Metropolitan hotel to the president of the United States, Mr. Pierce, would wish to be carried to the blessings of slavery. Did they look like stupid men? or did the president, himself, appear better clad or happier? Gold chains and watches in their pockets, and probably the far greater number having money laid aside for their advanced years. Any spectator, from any corner of the earth, would be apt to conclude that no one, whatever might be his domestic associations, would wish to return to bondage, even in its most alluring aspect. Such starving, thriftless men are receiving eighteen and twenty dollars per month, and hotel perquisites, regaled with a daily table of luxuries, from the very nature of slavery unknown, and only to their masters on their travels. True, all can not live in hotels; yet, as cartmen, as waiters in private families and on farms, and by general labor, and as seamen, cooks and stewards, they are sure to find equal compensation when they require it. Though traduced, they perform their duties faithfully to their employers, seldom found in quarrels, in our grog-shops or creating riots in the streets; civil in their deportment, free from revenge, no carriers of pistols and bowie knives, disturbing the tranquillity of society by such cowardly armings. It is a positive fact, that the negro's nature is free from revenge, and he becomes attached to his employers when fairly treated. With a different nature they would all cease to be slaves. At our public schools, they learn with usual facility. It is true, they have separate classes, but subject to the same rules and regulations of other students, and receiving equal attention and kindness, throughout the state. We hear of no rude assaults on the civil, political and religious rights of other denominations; they, in a word, display none of the fiercer passions common to our whig, democratic and shell assemblies; and, considering the little commiseration and philanthropic manifestations toward them by many of the coarser individuals of society, it is quite surprising how



few negroes are found in our hospitals, and how few relative criminals.

Their color is God's will, but never announced as a crime. Prejudices against them will lessen in time, and truer lights radiate upon them. As a people, they are perfectly happy; living together, and appreciating, while sharing, freedom's blessings. We are not certainly more refined in the United States than in France, in Europe, where such a man as Dumas, full of thought and profound wisdom, gathers around him all that is intelligent and interesting, to constitute brilliancy and delight in the literary world, and such a man in the United States, might have shared a fate as cruel and revengeful as Uncle Tom's at the hands of the incarnate demon, Legree, of the Red river.

But, for the south, sufficient is the evil for the day thereof. They may manage as they please—threaten at disunion—separate if they think proper—but, should they do so, the light of but few days would be seen ere revolution would cast off the yoke of bondage. And for negro owners, it will be the darkest day that ever shed its gloom on their land. The south walk by sense, as all sensualists do that walk in the sight of their own eyes alone, and will admit of no other discovery but by their own rule of judgment. Yes, a mere dawn of liberty when least expected, may be followed by a resistless outbreak. San Domingo may be renewed on a larger scale; the slightest breath might kindle a flame more effectual than the mountain light which William Tell ignited for the benefit of Switzerland.

While one spark of reason guides the councils of the south, it will indeed be wise and discreet to cease in their senseless ravings, to compare our talented and industrious mechanics with their slaves. These sinews of our moral worth, these architects of our greatness, rise with the magnificent structures they erect. They are the foundation of our national wealth and greatness. For them the beneficent wheel of fortune is ever revolving; its bounties are inscribed on the proudest monuments of the munificence of the free north.

S. Girard of Philadelphia, was a native of Bordeaux, and commenced his career as a poor seaman, and afterward settled in

Philadelphia, where he accumulated, as a merchant, and then a private banker, a fortune of from ten to thirteen millions, the greater part of which he devoted to public charities, leaving but a few hundred thousand dollars to his distant relatives. These magnificent edifices erected to promote education are richly endowed. John Jacob Astor was as humble in origin, and a native of Germany. A splendid public library, and a vast and beautiful building to contain it, with a large yearly income, speak his life of industry. Besides this he left many millions to his children, his fortune being, it is supposed, fully equal to that of Girard.

Vanderbilt, the king of steam navigation, was captain of a ferry boat from New-York to Jersey. He, too, rose from humble life, and now is honored and respected; the owner of the first great steam-yacht, of 3000 tons, navigated by his own genius, and his own wealth, for his own and family's exclusive pleasure, to visit the different nations of Europe, thus displaying his own enterprise and his country's glory and greatness. Many of our wealthiest citizens, of no early promise, owe their fortunes to a laborious life of honest industry. New England in a body may be said to be made up of such men, the pillars of human greatness. Boston, and all Massachusetts, is covered with gifts of large private benevolence. Industry, intellect and charity, there go hand in hand, modest in such acts, and the unpretending and deservedly designated cradle of liberty, and sheet-anchor of constitutional rights. Her great merchant, Gray, was a shoemaker. Col. Perkins, who has just died, leaving \$1,800,000, was a tin-man by early profession, and, while living, the munificent dispenser of great and noble generousities. If we turn to our statesmen, they do honor to the age. Our manufacturers and merchants shine in their benevolence, numerous as the stars of heaven, and by their enterprise and skill, while they have built up cities and towns on every water course and navigable stream, made our lakes equal in their commerce to our ocean trade, given life to manufactures, they have made the south in a measure what it is—greatly inferior to, yet improving by the capital of northern enterprise.



The names, with pride we have mentioned, were once our poorest citizens, and by their own industry and skill achieved their fortunes; and innumerable are the instances of wealth which from thousands to millions of dollars are the attributes of our northern slaves. Proud indeed is the condition of escutcheons thus honorably acquired and nobly won.

When a northern slave (which southern ignorance delights to call our laboring classes,) rises to leave his home for his day's labor, as he greets the morning sun with prayers of gratitude and welcome, and kisses his sleeping children, he blesses them, feeling confident of their safety in his absence. He has all the joy and pride of freedom. The little flock, at night-fall, as he returns, hasten to gather around him, again to receive his caress of love, while the fond wife, and gentle mother of his children, prepares the evening repast, and the modest hearth's palladium with its bright flame warms the tea-kettle and prepares the night supper; the bright-eyed children playfully strive to catch a father's approving smile. Unsullied, unpolluted are such endearments of home. The hand or the dread of no dealer in human flesh is seen lurking round to rob him of his wife or his offspring; those blessings which constitute the household idols of affection, the bliss of matrimony, are safe. No master here intrudes to mar their pleasures, to sell them; no wretch to brutalize over them; free as the air they breathe, as the wide world they survey, equal as man with man, they cheerfully perform their respective pursuits of life, cherishing the hope that their children may rise hereafter to occupy, if they do not themselves, more prosperous positions in life. And, if we look to almost all our public offices, they are filled with parental expectations thus happily realized. Such are our noble northern slaves—proud monuments of our nation's mighty power.

The city or the village bell calls them to worship, and the church of their own building receives their Sunday prayers; their little ones attend the sabbath schools, and grow up with Christian feelings, to remember and aid each other in the after pursuits of life. The public schools are alike the rich and the poor man's fountain of intelligence—the light of progressive information—

to guide them in the path of civil and political instructions for their earthly pilgrimage, and in moral and religious duties on their way to heaven. Here they receive all the useful elements of learning, which constitute freedom's blessings. These are the watchmen of our country's glory and prosperity. Here no mother or daughter, in the Christian performance of Christian virtues, in the merciful occupation of teaching the neglected child to read, is thrown into prison for so sweet a charity. Here no slave is burnt at the stake at the will of a master, because in desperation he raised his arm against his oppressor, to ward off an attempt upon his own life. Here all the relations of domestic life, are the offsprings of liberty, sacred and undefiled.

To the genius of our mechanics we see the pennants of commerce floating from the tall masts of our sightly ships, the carriers of national wealth, interchanging, on every ocean of the world, the varied products of our own soil for the industry of other regions of the globe. These messengers of international knowledge and science are the acquirements of mechanical learning and refinement of arts. And to such have some of our city editors applied the insolent epithet of northern slaves. Men who without any peculiar merit have by such suffrage reached the high offices of state and general government, and enjoyed the position of the honorable, who otherwise would never have been known as such.

And it is high time that such base libelers should be rebuked, in their double-faced political dealings. It is time, too, that upright men, in their several respective branches of industry, should occupy their share of public favor. Wisdom or knowledge is not alone confined to the lawyer's brain; good common sense and sound integrity, is what we need in our legislative halls. Our attorney generals are the law framers, or should be made so to act, in properly framing our laws, as engrossed—honesty and purity of character is what we need.

The present crisis, and the rights and power of the free states, call now imperiously for changes; for reason seems to be lost in the selfish struggle of "party shells"—how ridiculous such perversions of man's dignity—and all parties ready to adopt any

measures to rob the treasury, cheat the country, and then call upon party to applaud their devotion to our star-spangled banner, the effulgence of whose glory is so dazzling to public admiration, that the peccadilloes committed under its shadows are overlooked. We may now, indeed, use the oft quoted exclamation of Cicero, with great propriety and fitness: "*O, tempora! O, mores! Quousque abutere potentia nostra!*"

When we see demagogues and senators, influenced by their prejudices and selfish aspirings, ready to violate treaty compacts, and seek flaws of their own creating, made under false and treacherous promises, we can not but perceive that slavery is at the root of all evil. It is the serpent that coils itself around the southerner's heart, and darts at all who come within the sound of its envenomed sting. The seed of liberty alone, can prevent this great evil from desolating our land, intended for the inhabitanee of freedom. We may go on, advancing in all the charms of civilization, but, say the south, slavery must be an exception; that property held by some 250,000 owners, must rule 23,600,000 of freemen; and claims a right to spread itself, with its self-willed laws, over all purchased and conquered territory. Slaves, of themselves, have no votes; no political liberty. Civil liberty the slave has none, that implies the security of person and property; religious liberty, he has none, for the privilege of worshipping God he has not the right, but with the consent of his master. He is but goods and chattels, and torn from homes, to be peddled about by the negro trader, with as little compunction as the fishmonger sells the inhabitants of the deep, from door to door; and these, with their peculiar laws, are to follow every new state, and have southern rights, by the Nebraska bill, over the whole union.

A modest fancy! And our northern men have been called northern slaves; and our colored people have been pronounced, by a few editors, as better in slavery than free. As the bird of the cage, fed, sheltered, and even caressed, wearies in his captivity, even so does the slave in his imprisoned cell, for what other is plantation liberty; and what bird, could it be reasoned with and speak its wishes, would not rather take the freedom of the open

air, the great canopy of nature to range in, and beat its plumes in the storms of autumn's chills, even the frozen blasts of winter, only give its pinions free, and unrestrained his will, unheeded would be the tempest, and then in the sunshine to sing, in gladness, the songs of nature to the opening spring, under the thick foliage of the trees, or to be voiceless, wingless, or dead." And there is no slave so insensible to the blessings of freedom, who would not rather incur all the cares of providing for himself and family, sooner than exist a degraded, wretched object of sale, from one hour to another, through life's long vista, sad with visions of torturing cruelties; even the wild beast has an instinct to run from dangers it has once felt. No white man approaches the cabin of the poor negro, that the souls of all within do not instantly throb with feelings of anguish; instinctively the children crawl to their parents, as if a parent to them was a protector! We remember calling at the hovel of a slave, with her family of six or seven children rolling on the floor. We asked the ages of her children; with the rapidity of lightning, and with imploring tones, as she fancied we came to purchase her or her children, she pitiouly begged we would not separate her family. The poor, wretched being, literally shook with fear, and could scarcely believe us, when we assured her that we had no intention to disturb her—our visit was only curiosity and friendly. We threw a few shillings on the floor of hard earth, which the children scrambled for, when she said, "Oh! master, you don't know how much we suffer." Her countenance, at first of fear, became cheerful, and she would have made a powerful study for the sculptor or the painter.

And yet editors tell us freedom is not a blessing. Can such men expect to die, and hope for pardon? The slave, to hire out now, earns \$300 yearly, found and clothed. This would pay clear gain, to husband and wife, \$600; and if others could hire at this rate, they could as well feed themselves, and earn that amount yearly; and it requires more sagacity than we possess, to understand why the slave's labor in the master's pocket, should make the slave happier; for he who paid the hire would take care, to the utmost of their ability, to work them, and the hire, if brought into the pocket of the negroes, would provide to them many



comforts they hear of, but never feel or obtain. Fox said, that "the love of political liberty was not an error. But, if it is one, I am sure I never shall be converted from it—and I hope never will. If it be an illusion, it has brought forth more of the best qualities and exertions of the human mind, than all other causes put together." Such were the sentiments of one of England's greatest statesmen.

Ex-senator Foote, in his speech in New York, believed their principles (of course, southern principles, for his address was to northern men, too mean to have principles of freedom), and with southern principles, which were essential to the happiness and glory of the country, the Nebraska bill, he foresaw, would bring up again the Wilmot proviso, and hoped such an impending calamity might be averted, as resistance to it. Not a free soiler should hold office, if in his power; these were sentiments rising above party and personal ends, that our noble institutions might be perpetuated. Madmen applauded.

A purer light than comes from dissatisfied southern agitators, is now to guide the free states. Whatever was our intended compact with the south, we must respect it as it was clearly understood at the time. But to tolerate the contemptible idea, that the slave states are forever to frighten the free states of the union, violate at pleasure the compromise of Missouri, just as their notions dictate, and that petty demagogues, elevated far beyond their merits, shall attempt to gain popularity for the presidency, by courting the south at the expense of the free states, is altogether a vain delusion. That day has gone by, and the tombs of obloquy are dug for the northern doughfaces, who lend themselves to foster, directly or indirectly, such views. Like the dew drops on the mane of the lion, will the north now shake off her faithless representatives, and their fall will be as that of the discarded arch-angel—to rise no more. We, alas! in no age, or in no time that we remember, have seen so inflated a display of arrogance and vanity, as the Nebraska agitator, who declares his determination not to run as president. Had he, but a twinkling little star as he is, in the great firmament of democracy, the assurance of his *pars nobile fratrem*, to such a post, what would his assurance amount to. As with the compromise of 1850, he

would find a flaw in his ridiculous promise ready to annul it, even should not the bursting fate of the frog's vanity have been his, ere another chance of public confidence was extended to him.

Humiliation, surely, was bitterly administered to the free states, in the fugitive slave law; for, while we must aid in being catchers of slaves, if called upon, our free colored people in the south, if shipwrecked on their coast, while seeking the hospitality and sympathy which marks the characters of all civilized nations of Europe, even amongst the Bedouins of the desert, in the south are liable, by its laws, to be cast into prison, even taken from vessels lying at anchor, and doomed to the same fate; and if not redeemed after a certain time to pay jail fees, they are advertised and sold, their fees deducted, and the balance of their sale goes into the state treasury. Do they find this in the constitution? While exacting, by legal enactment, our services in their behalf, their barbarous law is continued; and if, after years of captivity and brutalities, our freemen are accidentally discovered, or enabled to impart to their friends their fate, and their release, after enormous cost and trouble, is obtained; they are refused all wages or compensation for their long and hard services, sacrifices and lacerated bodies. Such injustice of the south was not provided against; no law was passed by congress to protect them, and to guard them against abuses, and to restore such as are still in the captivity of slavery; no law was passed to pay their expenses to sue for their liberty; no extra ten dollars given to a judge, who should release them, as given for the condemnation of the fugitive slave. The one having rich masters, whose duties should be to watch their slaves, are compensated; the other, poor, helpless, unfriended, and unable to rise against the weight which cruelty inflicted upon them; but, being freemen of the north, are unworthy of assistance.

Such laws were made for masters, who, like some of our editors, believe slavery better, for blacks, than freedom. Mr. ex-senator Foote speaks of our press being bribed. If the negroes were raising \$100,000,000 a year by the white man's labor, you would hear of fewer anathemas against them. We should not read in our newspapers, that our streets were crowded with idle, indolent,



worthless negroes, when every man who has, for forty years past, been in the habit of walking in the great thoroughfare of Broadway, in New York, the largest city of the American continent, the fourth city of the world, can attest to the fact, that seldom is a negro beggar seen. Occasionally, a blind man, with a band round his hat, with the notice of, "I am a blind man," indicating his affliction; and, occasionally, a poor sailor is seen, with his hat in his hand, standing on the stumps of his thighs, and thus blighted by frost on our coast, standing by or seated on the pathway, modestly but silently appealing to the humane passer by; but even this is seldom the case. Why, then, do we falsify their condition.

And while such are the facts, our streets are crowded with naturalized citizens of all climes, speaking all foreign languages, from the little sweeper child, to the graduated wrinkles of old age, all imploring, and perhaps all deserving pity. Could these be legally made slaves, stolen from our streets and sold in the south, the voice of some editors might be heard, saying they would be better in slavery—not from the third to the fourth generation, but for all generations.

It is hoped that our hitherto passive submission to the laws inflicted upon our free blacks, will awaken a sense of our national rights. It is time that the chloroform slumber should cease to operate in deadening the sensibilities of humanity. But it is nearly spent. Such outrageous deeds can not for ever be tolerated.

It is a singular fact, that while denouncing the abolitionists, and vaunting the delights of slavery, and wretchedness of northern slaves, that the slave of the south is ever ready to encounter all dangers, to hazard all difficulties to merely endeavor to make his escape from the inviting, fascinating enjoyments and blessings which southern writers poetize, and assure us are so alluring; where every gale is peace and every grove is melody, and where the very earth is enameled with flowers for the benefit of the slave. An unsuspecting listener, or a reader of faith, who knows nothing of slavery—who has never seen its

workings, would fancy the negro hovel answered to Goldsmith's picture of

"The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnished clock, that clicked behind the door,  
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a set of drawers by day;  
The pictures, placed for ornament or use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose,  
The hearth, except when winter chills the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay."

Alas, no such enchanting privilege belongs to the slave in the southern land of light and flowers. Yet to impress on northern minds such things, runaway negroes, our papers have told us, implore of their masters the privilege to return to renewed bondage from northern misery, from high wages in Canada, to exclaim

"All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
Is propagated curse. A voice, once heard  
Delightfully, 'increase and multiply,'  
Now death to hear; for what can I increase  
Or multiply, but curses on my head."

If a free negro leaves Charleston, he can not return to it to see his family, but is made a slave. How melancholy an inconsistency! They will not permit the foreign wretched man, starving as they state, to return to visit the paradise he may have left, to witness the contrasted joys, which in a moment of disquiet he had fled from, although wishing again to revel in that, after all, blessed condition of contentment, and which, they tell us, makes slavery so much more joyous and enviable; and the negro who runs away, if caught, is unmercifully flogged for his presumption and curiosity in wishing to see how ragged and wretched freedom makes a man.

It may truly be asked, of what sort of materials must that man be made? How must he be tempered and put together, to justify slavery? We rebelled against England, and a revolution for causes less important than slavery, resulted in what history and the age dignifies, and every American bosom feels to be a glorious revolution; a triumphant expansion of human rights. We taunt England with having introduced slavery, and we continue it. Previous to our revolution, the colonies petitioned the mother country to get rid of slavery; this was a general appeal,

and all the states wished so disastrous an evil uprooted from the soil. But the evil is far greater now. Previous to, and at the close of the war, all our greatest men concurred in the necessity of an early termination of slavery; all looked to that object. It was understood. The now free and eminently prosperous states of the north carried out the implied agreement, and so, perhaps, would the south have done the same thing. Negroes then were much less valuable; but, at this crisis, when good faith on the part of the south was expected, the culture of cotton was introduced. It was found to be productive, and the south no longer thought of slavery but for raising cotton. And then arose the clamor of slavery rights and constitutional compacts about slavery, as if slavery was a principle of the constitution which excluded the word slave; and it delights the south to clamor against our northern negroes, otherwise our white laborers.

A New York editor evinces a willingness to give and take half and half with the south. We will make a few remarks on the propriety of so much liberality on the part of the editor, who has either sold his negroes or yet retains them, but seems to feel a little sympathy for the benefit he derives from their labor or their sale, and was no doubt thus governed in his promptings.

To return to England. Our government, by the revolution, became possessed of all the crown lands and wealth which England owned in her colonies, and a little more by confiscations of private property. We therefore took from her the ability of emancipating the negroes, which ability became vested in our hands, and as we, particularly the great mother breeding state, Virginia, had been foremost in her cry for emancipation, it was reasonable to expect their independence would have accomplished the disappearance of an evil loudly denounced by them, as disastrous to their prosperity. The justice of emancipating the then small number of negroes who had been stolen from Africa and landed and sold in the colonies, was an affair exclusively of our own. In the other colonies of England, long since, she has abolished slavery, and an act as glorious to her as our revolution to us. She also paid twenty millions to Spain in aiding them in their defense against their war of the continent,

on condition of an abandonment of the slave trade, and in addition she paid to the Brazils some millions to stop that traffic, and finally paid one hundred and fifty millions to her colonies to put an end to slavery. And all the British realm acquiesced in paying so large a sum to efface from the national character the continuance of a system of injustice to the many for the benefit of the few.

As an evidence of the implied understanding that slavery was to cease, what stronger proof do we need than the language of the declaration of our independence, sent forth to the wide world as the basis of American liberty. Our just philanthropy was applauded; the European world extolled our magnanimity and justice. It was so spoken of, so referred to, and it was so intended.

The law of 1807, to go into effect in 1808, put a stop to the importation of negroes under penalty of death, and reserved the right to regulate immigration from state to state. But the culture of cotton, as we have observed, unexpectedly introducing a profitable employment for negro labor, all idea of emancipation was lost sight of in the thirst of gain, and since 1808, now forty-six years, the south has in fact enjoyed an exclusive privilege in negro labor, a manifest bounty; for such northern capitalists as had a desire to become cotton growers, were compelled to pay a greatly enhanced price for negroes, in consequence of the law of 1808, which put a stop to all importation, under an implied understanding that emancipation was to follow; and the dishonorable neglect to carry out faithfully the agreement, gave advantages to the south which could never have been intended. And now a request is made that the increase of forty-six years of negro breeding (over the entire United States), shall be allowed to slavery.

Mr. Webster, in making his speech in the senate in relation to the compromise of 1850, observed:

“It may not be improper here to allude to that—I had almost said celebrated—opinion of Mr. Madison, ‘You may observe, sir, that the term slavery is not used in the constitution. The constitution does not require that fugitive slaves shall be given up; it requires that persons bound to service in one state, and escap-

ing into another, shall be delivered up.' Mr. Madison opposed the introduction of the term slave or slavery into the constitution; for he said he did not wish to see it recognized by the constitution of the United States of America, that there could be property in man."

What more conclusive evidence is needed of the implied understanding, than so distinguished a statesman as Mr. Madison asserting that he would never consent to the right of property in man, and thus striking out of the constitution the words *slave* or *slavery*. But this feeling was general, and afterwards overreached by cupidity.

It is thus conclusive that the fugitive slave law never applied to slaves, but that "persons bound to service in one state, and escaping into another shall be delivered up," applied to white apprentices. And, in virtue of a willing misconstruction, was the infamous law of 1850 inflicted upon humanity, with ten dollars bounty to encourage condemnation, and costs of recovery &c., paid to the slave owner; and while enacting a law so evidently based on misrepresentation and fraud, leaving *free blacks* subject to abuses in the slave states, of the most cold-hearted brutality. And can we, boasting of our freedom, our greatness, our superior refinement, not only wish to retain but to extend the greatest blot of evils? Can we call ours the home of the free? In the free states, the spires of religion are scarcely ever lost sight of, and yet we make no effort to do away with slavery, no effort to arrest its pestilential extension over our states, peopling with a German race, an English race, a French and Italian, all leaving the old world, to seek liberty and freedom in this.

Nobly, thus far, have the fathers and the sons of our adopted citizens, rallied to the rescue of liberty from the chains and manacles and screws and fetters of slavery, and we are rejoiced to think and feel satisfied they will never dwell in their midst.

The idea of abolishing the lesser evils of society, and retaining the greater, is a national absurdity. If by any compromise we are bound to leave slavery as it existed, by any real or implied agreement, we must confine it to its boundaries. As Christians, as wise and humane law-givers, we are called to spare the



country the disgrace of property in man, with interminable bondage. In scripture, our savior said, let the dead bury their dead, meaning, let the unbelievers mingle together. Let wisdom now dictate the same response. Let those who oppress man immortal as themselves, keep together; and let the homes which are to dot the western world of liberty, and the graves which are to surround us, be moistened by the tears of freemen, and the dews of merciful heaven.

Let free schools, social content, equal rights, knowledge and God's word, be the basis of population. Let not slavery taint the soil. Let not the lash, nor the groans of suffering and the cries for pity, which belong to the nabob of slavery, be heard in the fields; let not the thorns and briars of slavery desolate the earth, but let the plants of freedom adorn it; and let the well-clothed, well-fed laborer go to the field merry as the joyous lark, to plough, and sow, and gather his harvest.

We remember to have read in the Columbia (Ga.) Democrat, that the mother of a white girl named Fann, who was sold by her father as a slave, to a man named Jackson, had succeeded in rescuing her daughter from a state of servitude. Two years she was treated as a negro slave. The humane editor denounced the act as base; but was there no inhumanity in the peculiar laws of a country so callous to justice, or the ideas of colors, so near, nay, white itself being sold, accursed usage, to shades of slavery invading the liberty of a white woman, cast into a slave-pen of cruelty.

The following is taken from the Louisville Gazette: "Found, a female child, about eight years of age, bruised on the head, marked on the neck, the face and the breast, the shoulders, the arm, the thighs, the legs, by an instrument called a cow-skin. The humane master may recover his property by applying according to law. This was training up a child in the way it should go." These are old advertisements. It is not our intention to here enter into special abuses, but to arrest its spreading. While there are many excellent and kind-hearted inhabitants of the south, ornaments to any society, so are there of a less refined class, inflated by an ignorant and vulgar aping of aristocracy, brutes over their negroes, and some acting as nine-tailed bashaws,

who instead of believing as the Mahomedan Koran, that all Christians are dogs, and only fit to serve the worshiper of the mosque, so look upon their negroes as born to be slaves.

One of our distinguished presidents of the United States, a native of Virginia, in reply to an invitation to dinner on the 4th of July, used the following language:

"All eyes are opening, or are opened, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth that the mass of mankind have not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few bootied and spurred, to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God."

Such were the sentiments of Thomas Jefferson; they need no comment. John Randolph, while living, was a negro owner; when dying he emancipated all his negroes, thus showing that he believed negroes had a better right to be free than to continue in slavery. A vast many others have had the same opinions and acted in the same way.

As to the cry against abolitionists stealing, and here and there enticing negroes to run away, we can only say, such men are madmen; the cause of justice can not be advanced by such acts. We broadly contend that negroes were originally stolen, contrary to all the laws of nations; and wrong thus commenced continues a wrong. Situated as they are, the only question to solve is, how long it will be before rebellion or revolution restores them to the freedom their fathers enjoyed. Our object is to put a stop to the spread of slavery in the United States, and the south in the mad career they are following, should well impress upon their recollection that San Domingo, with a comparatively small population of negroes, when they determined to rid themselves of the bootied and spurred gentlemen who had ruled over them, laid on their soil forty thousand French soldiers. In the warmth of patriotism, they determined, if they had to wade through their own blood, they would be free. And San Domingo was free. Had it depended solely on its white population and *their resources*, liberty would have been instantaneous. And let once a rebellion commence in the south, what becomes of the one hundred millions

of its exports, its cotton wealth? It would be but as a tale once told; resources it would have none. Sophistries can not prevail against reason. It is part of the delusive folly of the south that one white man is equal to a plantation of negroes. The Algerines reasoned in the same manner, when they saw our once gallant people driven by hundreds to hard labor, having no other to overlook them than the nerveless withered arm of a wrinkled old man. Necessity, and their forlorn condition, made them submissive; yet in freedom, what would not those captives have accomplished?

The greatest enemy of the south at this day, is Senator Douglass and his Nebraska bill, and it may prove a firebrand of desolation.

“The storms yet sleep; the clouds still keep their station,  
The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb;  
The bloody chaos yet expects creation.  
But all things are disposing for thy doom;  
The elements await but for the word,  
Let there be darkness, and thou grow’st a tomb.”

A distinguished orator of South Carolina, during the nullification excitement, at a public meeting, in his address to the public said:

“Sooner than witness this land of light and flowers polluted by the tread of a northern barbarian, or the glittering of a mercenary bayonet, sooner would I witness South Carolina one gore of blood, and but one monument to cover its inhabitants.”

Gen. Jackson effectually put down nullification, and instead of darkness, and so much chivalry being covered by one monument, the people quietly lived in the light of prosperity, and bowed their lofty heads to the majesty of the laws.

Instead of that illustrious president, the great man of his day, slavery has now to contend with freedom, before whose shrine all ideal differences of party will vanish, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, will be found to tighten the sacred rights of liberty. Instead of using the language of John Marshall, “accursed be the hand that first planted slavery on the virgin bosom of Virginia,” we may appropriately say “your own selfish and inhuman cupidity makes no effort to relieve itself from the breeding bosom of calculating traffic. Knowledge now surrounds

Virginia, instructing each year the negro, in louder and louder tones, to inquire "Why am I a slave, when all else that surrounds me is free?" The same feelings would soon in the separation of the union, spread its inquiring voice from one slave state to another.

Our senators of the south ask, What would you do with the negroes if we liberated them? The answer comes naturally; they would gladly take care of themselves. They are now hired out by their masters at two to three hundred dollars a year, clothed and fed, and they would get as much for themselves. Those who own no negroes would be glad to hire them, and better their condition by so doing.

In character with the query of the senator of South Carolina, is the remark that is often made, "Look to Jamaica!" And this reminds us of a conversation of a very rich, amiable old lady, of that island, who owns a pimento plantation. "Why, sir," said she, "you have no idea of the fallen state of the island. It was once prosperous, society was brilliant, and planters could afford to pay high commissions to their factors, and large wages to their overseers, and visit Europe—many resided entirely in Europe—but now the negroes since their liberation will not positively work, they are so lazy, unless they get *unreasonable wages*. Now, you see, the island deserted, the lands mortgaged in England for more than they are worth, many a once rich planter now poor, and their worthless, lazy negroes actually can earn enough in two days' labor to support them for a week. You would be surprised; the miserable negroes have now actual mahogany chairs and sofas, and Yankee clocks over their chimney pieces. They leave off working when it rains, and of a truth, they indeed have become a nuisance. Why, sir, it costs me twice as much as it did to gather my pimento crop."

In our climate, we remember many a month of August, when panting with heat, all still and motionless, we kept our doors closed to shut out the hot air, the perspiration flowing down our face, and otherwise as moist as if we belonged to the water-cure establishment, undergoing the oblations of that science. We read of many persons killed by the stroke of the sun, and having

been in the south, we could not but think of the cotton fields, without a tree to offer the grateful shade of its leaves, to the bareheaded, shoeless, negro, with a broiling sun beaming upon him some 100 or 130 degrees, while the overseer with an umbrella over his head, and his whip in hand, not unlikely a whiskey bottle in his pocket, urging on the panting goods and chattels to their labor. At such a time it is quite natural the negro would like to indulge the comfort he had often seen his master enjoy, in lolling on a comfortable easy sofa.

Freedom is thus oppressive. In two days' labor, he gets luxuries he never but had seen as a slave, and smokes his segar at his leisure the rest of the week, because his white once-tyrant wont pay him fair wages to work for him.

For this the pro slaver exclaims, the island does not export more than half what it was used to do; but then the idle nabob had to live at great expense, and the slaves had to figure up the cost. Things have changed. Justice from the earliest ages was represented as blindfold and had the scales in one hand and the sword in the other. When oppression weighs too heavily upon a people, the sword is resorted to to correct the evil. In the most arbitrary governments, oppression finds sympathizers in civilized as in savage nature. San Domingo took up the sword; Jamaica was relieved by a just government. What the sequel may be with our growing black population, history will tell.

The Nebraska bill reminds us of the following lines:

"Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,  
Earth for whose use—pride answers, 'tis for mine."

But the south may be mistaken. While the manacled slave is driven about from state to state for sale, with clanking chains proclaiming his degraded and abused condition, no man sleeps in peaceful tranquility or security.

Nations to be permanent must be free. To rule over the heart benevolence and humanity must stand foremost. The divided nation falls. To impart the holy flame of liberty, men must love the institutions by which they are governed; you must benefit and not oppress a people.



We are, by the Nebraska bill, called upon to carry oppression, which is synonymous with slavery, over 136,700 square miles, equal to 17 states. No, this can not be; all this is required for Germans, Danes and Swedes, for Great Britain, for France, for Hungary, for Switzerland, for Holland, Italy, Belgium, all the continent; they come to our country with every wave that breaks upon the sea shores, and we need a part of this land, for a free homestead to every free citizen who now needs a home to shelter him. But a fearful evil hangs over the south. It is the imprisonment of colored seamen, in the course of trade to her ports. The question is ripe in international discussion. It will not answer for South Carolina to say to foreign powers, "We will imprison your colored seamen, and sell them, if not taken out of jail in time to pay jail fees." Nor will it answer for our government, to say, we can not interfere with the laws of the "peculiar institutions of slavery." You must submit to have your colored seamen imprisoned; and when the foreign nations say, then we will take our own redress, for the general government to reply, oh, no; that you must not do. Although South Carolina is an outlaw, in their views, and does wrong to international usages, she is nevertheless a state of our union, and our shield of protection and our flag hangs over her safety. Such a policy has been, to a certain extent, attempted, but resisted (our own seamen have submitted, or rather they have been so basely treated), but will France or England? Never, never!

France, like England, has ever been jealously alive to her rights. The humane and beautiful model empress of Europe's noblest monarch, now blessing France by her clustering virtues, has already raised her voice against slavery; and changed, indeed, must be the policy of noble England, when her people long tamely submit to such an indignity, the memorials of her past greatness will be shrouded in mourning, and her honored flag will have lost its enchanting spell, and the wide world would cast a long and heavy sigh over her fallen greatness. She has ever protected her subjects, and is not likely now to desert them,

while we are adopting a still bolder policy towards those who merely notify their intentions to become our honored citizens.

The negro population is nearly 4,000,000, a population requiring for its support, to each grown person, twelve bushels of corn yearly, and two to three pounds of bacon, weekly, male and female, accustomed to work alike in the fields—from infancy to manhood enured to hard labor and domestic misery in comparison with the white man's fare; of this population, one-half or 2,000,000 are females, and if we put the average ages of life at seventy years—from that of eighteen to sixty years, and suppose only 3,000,000 of slaves, this would leave effective men for soldiers, while the females and children capable of raising many times their own wants, and their husbands', in their absence. In the event of war or revolution, such a body of desperate men, struggling for liberty, would call for a strong opposing force.

From 1790 to 1850, shows that our negro and colored population have kept pace closely on the whites, notwithstanding our enormous importations.

Yet the north, though, in a measure, controlled by negroes, in their being entitled to representation, have no right to discuss their evil consequences; by that influence, however, the war of 1812 was declared, our vessels were captured on the ocean, burnt or condemned, the captains made prisoners, and their private adventures lost; the war ended, peace was restored, and runaway and captured negroes *were paid for*—and why paid for, when all else was unpaid.

In the south, the productive man is the negro; the lord of creation is the "white man idler." Yet he who has no operative value, claims the life, the labor, the liberty of human beings, and the sole control of their souls, as property, as slaves. If a negro can read, his master may say, I can't have your cantings; your Bible only makes you indolent. I won't have it on the plantation. Here is Tom Paine, a better book for you. The negro must give up his Bible. Legree, in Uncle Tom, so reasoned. Few such exist, yet some so act. The position of the master with his slave is supreme. His power knows no control.

It is a power which may compel the slave to do just as he is directed to do, for good or for evil. If a negro is ordered to do any act, it must be done. If he refuses, his life is doomed to heavy inflictions, to heavy toils beyond his ability to perform; and on failure he is whipped, locked up, maltreated, sold. And to avoid this, he is generally ready to do any thing he is told to do. We will illustrate this remark. Some years since, on our way to Tuscaloosa, in the state of Alabama, its then capital, we passed by a town of Claireborn. A large crowd was collected around the court house. On asking the cause, we were told that it was only the trial of a negro, for his life. Curiosity led us to walk in, and listen to the trial, while our dinner was preparing, and our horses were resting. The counsel, on the part of the defence, we soon found was a very able and eloquent man; his name was Bagbey, and afterwards was in the United States senate. The prosecuting lawyer was a young man, acting for the state, and afterwards the attorney general for the state of New York, Mr. Willis Hall, of a bright mind and ardent manner. Two planters had quarreled, living on, we think, adjacent plantations. The one was then in the court house, quite unconcerned. He had hired his negro to shoot his adversary; for this Christian virtue, the negro was promised ten dollars, a complete new suit of clothes, of his own fancy. The deed was effectually executed. The poor victim of cowardly revenge was shot, while seated before his fire, at the side of his wife, in his log cabin on the plantation. All the facts of the negro's receiving money and clothes were confirmed by a negro woman, to whom the negro man had communicated his intentions; and on the testimony of the negro woman (the testimony of black being good against black), the negro was condemned and hanged; but negro testimony not having any weight against a white man, the master, the real murderer, escaped. Should we, we again ask, living in a free land, permit society, by any possibility, to be so tolerated. Bad men exist in all communities; we do not mention this in intended disparagement of the mass of planters generally, but only to ask if the western man or the northern man will permit the soil he inhabits, to be thus debased, by the infamous Nebraska bill.

By the indiscreet action of the slave states, these peculiar institutions may involve the nation in war, and the free states be called upon to expend hundreds of millions of dollars to sustain the war, yet we have no right to express an opinion. The cruelty of "their peculiar institutions" may drive their slaves to rebellion, and we may be called upon to mow them down at the cost of our own pocket and our lives, yet we have no right to express an opinion upon slavery as a national advantage or a national curse. Twenty-three millions of free citizens are thus to be controlled by less than two hundred and fifty thousand persons owning some three to four millions of negroes, and be made the slave catchers of their unhappy negroes, when flying for their liberty; "their goods and chattels," to be handed back to a merciless master, in most instances to a brutal negro trader, gloating in the Shylock delight of taking flesh and blood and yet without a legal bond to justify the act, or a Jessica to plead for justice or mercy.

Once a Nebraska bill passed, if submitted to, the next move will be, if Senator Douglass, in his inflation, deems it likely to strike for a few presidential votes, to try another scheme. Such a politician has audacity and presumption for any attempt. He may next introduce a bill to grant to any citizen, if he can show his ability to support him, to catch an Indian and hold him as property. Cotton, which is the southerner's hydra headed justification of slavery, is not more desirable than gold; the yield is not less tempting; and Indians belong to the gold regions. It would be an easy matter to persuade a few senators that God Almighty intended them as slaves, that they run wild in the forest with other savage beasts, and would be much happier if tamed and put to work in the mines, subject to such gentle and humane chastisement as, from generation to generation, their merciful owners might think proper "under the peculiar institutions" to inflict upon them.

Fellow citizens of the glorious west, you have the finest section of our continent, the Eden of the union. Yearly, a half a million of your countrymen are wending their way to unite with you in developing the resources of boundless riches and

consequent content which are to gladden your hearts and make after generations happy in the luxuriant fertility of the future. Father-land of many races, to be united under one banner of liberty; and may it be free from the smallest speck of peculiar oppression. Blessings unparalleled at no distant day will call forth your united voices in praise and gratitude to God.

And as you must cherish the wish to rise in all the splendor and purity of national character, with one united impulse banish from your soil that greatest of all curses, slavery. Let your adopted land be the land of the free, and consequently of the brave. To escape the grasp of tyranny and political oppression, you left the land of your affections, of happy associations, endeared by the memory of parting tears, the land of forefathers; and bade adieu to deep-souled nationality, and all, "to come to America," to enjoy in these United States, unrestrained freedom in its most merciful attributes. Do not then, we beseech you, blight the fair prospects before you, but let your sympathies mingle with the free north, and say, "We will make no more concessions, nor shall slavery pollute the soil, or the glad home of the western man." But faithful to the declaration of independence, among which are the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring, possessing and protecting property, and the pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety, as natural rights of man; so will you live in freedom, die in freedom, and as far as lies in the power of man transmit to your children its inestimable glories. The hardships which may have crossed the path of many in their emigration, will thus be rewarded by rich blessings.

It is a kind provision of providence that in freedom there is no night without a morning. To the man of industry, as we have shown, there is no misery without a ray of hope. No despair without, in the vista of industry, its consolation, its joys, yet no hope without a love in God, and an exercise of mercy, faith and charity—the sunbeams of futurity. But these belong not to slavery.

Born beyond the evil displays of slavery, you have come in our midst to legislate for your own happiness, and the happiness



of ages to come; with hearts unused to the horrid abuses of slave inhumanity; we have a right to look upon your coming to our shores, from Europe's varied nations, as we look upon the beautiful and varied colors of the rainbow, the promise of heaven.

The great statesman of our age, who can never sleep in the memory of his country, has truly said: "As far as experience may show errors in our establishment, we are bound to correct them; and if any practices exist contrary to the principles of justice and humanity within the reach of our laws or our influence, we are inexcusable if we do not exert ourselves to restrain and abolish them."—*Webster*.

It must be evident to every reader of the history and formation of our government, that from the first proceedings of the confederation, slavery, by implication, was to cease, for the words *slave* or *slavery* are not mentioned in the constitution, and Mr. Madison defined why it was not—that he would never consent to property in man. Mr. Madison was the leading great statesman of the south.

A general emancipation was then looked for from the states. New York and the north liberated their slaves, after performing service for a specified number of years. In 1807, the law of the United States was passed to go into effect in 1808; when the slave trade under the American flag was denounced as piracy, under the penalty of death; and reserving the right to regulate emigration between the states. It could not have been imagined that slavery was to form any part of our system, when omitted intentionally, even "to be mentioned in the constitution," and the more so, when so great a horror of its brutality was entertained as to inflict the punishment of death, as for piracy, even for trading with countries where the trade was legally authorized, as from Africa to the Brazils. It could not then, consistently, have been expected that we should continue slavery in the United States of the worst kind, by the most brutal classes, the negro traders, selling, bartering and separating families, and without the slightest restraint upon the traffic; while all others to be hanged if caught on the ocean. Death, the most ignominious,

abroad, as piracy, while a virtue to be tolerated (in the United States), at home. Our foreign legislation displaying an act of mercy to aid the cause of humanity, our domestic legislation to aid cupidity in "our peculiar institutions." And this, too, after the south had petitioned, as a colony, the mother country to abolish slavery. No such policy, as continuing slavery, was the intention of our great patriots of those days, all men of extraordinary purity of character and powerful minds. Had any such intention existed, the words slave and slavery would have figured in the constitution. So important a feature would not have been overlooked, entirely overlooked. But the statesmen of the south themselves, all unhesitatingly expressed the conviction of an early emancipation by legislative general action of all the states.

The right to regulate emigration from state to state was exercised by congress. Congress then had authority over slavery. As the constitution does not recognize slavery, where are to be found the guarantees so often claimed by the south as existing under the constitution? Mr. Madison, one of the ablest statesmen of this country, or of any other country, a name which his native state, Virginia, has ever deservedly honored, and whose talents have been the admiration of the entire union, objected to slave or slavery appearing in the constitution, and they did not appear. Slavery was not then recognized by the constitution, the omission was not an accident, but an intention, and was so at the time expressed. Cotton unexpectedly was introduced in the south, and gave rise to a lucrative culture, the negro rose rapidly in price; the north had in good faith passed laws for emancipation.

The south, in all its then and now chivalry, in bad faith retained their negroes in slavery, and acted with slavery as if it had been part of the constitution. By the emancipation of the northern negroes, the negroes of the south, of course, advanced in price in intrinsic value; and the capitalist of the north (who wished to adopt the cotton culture), and many did, had to purchase negroes of the southerner, at a very great advance. This advance was so much extra, in favor of the south. A consequent monopoly and enormous bounty to the south, and the

putting of duties, in the first instance, on cotton and on the import of sugars, also became a bounty in favor of slave labor, which the free states had mainly to pay for. Thus, from 1808 to this date, 1854, for 46 years, the south have had an exclusive monopoly of negro labor; not a trade, confined to the original old states, but a greatly enlarged area, by the acquisition of other territory. Yet the north has, we are told, invaded southern rights! Any one who will calculate the sale of the Virginia negro traffic (to say nothing of the other states), will find that this Flanders mare, this negro mother, so exalted in other respects, has been carrying on a commerce of breeding to an enormous extent; and yet, like her own horse leech, seeks more, more, more, and will so seek till the resurrection comes, and the entire American continent is covered with its dark brood of oppression, and all its varied shades of southern admixture, unless the white population either divide the state or abolish slavery, or slavery be abolished by the call of a general convention.

The boast of slavery is the boast of selfishness; bitter as it is, and under the best circumstances must be, yet in the United States it is more of a curse, than in any other part of the earth. Here, the slave debased himself, is called daily to behold the intelligence and luxury of others, which he may never hope to enjoy. We make them minister to our wants, and then we sell them; or we instruct them in the precepts of our religion, and then we sell them; or we sit down with them at the same holy communion, and receive with them the emblems of redeeming mercy, and then we sell them. The Arab and the Bedouin of the forest and the desert, or the Turk, were never so inhuman. Are not these United States misnamed, when we speak of the land of the free?

In Egypt, slavery exists no more. In Turkey, it exists no more. In Arabia and Persia, it exists no more. In all civilized Europe it exists no more. In the Danish and French and English colonies it exists no more. In all the new American republics it exists no more. In the Brazils and Cuba it still exists; but the negro, if ill-treated, may enter his complaint, and at once he is sold to another master, at a fair average price;

and if he can pay the one-third of his value, as appraised by a magistrate, he can demand to hire out himself, and work for his freedom. In this country he is ever a slave, and his issue are slaves. He has no appeal to law. Treated as the master pleases—with a kind master, kindly; with a brutal master, brutally.

In closing these remarks, we appeal to every American, to every philanthropist, to every Christian, to every man through whose veins flows the blood of humanity—in the spirit of wisdom, of love and meekness, yet of decision and firmness, to stand up for the just rights of the oppressed, for the honor of the country. We call upon you to listen to the voice of God, as it is heard in your own conscience, as it is revealed in his word, and obey its dictates in this cause of freedom. We call upon you to ask yourselves whether, in the hour of your own death-struggle, which will be most soothing to your departing spirit—to know that you have labored for the uplifting of those who, by piracy, have been cast down, or to know that you have rivetted the galling chains of slavery, by manacled the infant, as it comes into the world. We call upon you to look forward to that last great day, which is coming alike to all, when you must stand before the judgment seat of Christ; and to ask yourself which you would there hail with the highest joy—a company of of spirits glorified, whom you had helped, by all proper means, to deliver from bondage, and ignorance, and vice, or those over whose sorrows you had shed no tear, over whose wrongs you had felt no pang, and for whose freedom and salvation you had breathed no prayer.

We may be accused of being abolitionists, free soilers, &c., &c., we are neither; nor are we seekers of public office, nor would we accept of any. We are not the advocates of Governor Seward or his school, yet we freely give to him and his associates in the Nebraska controversy, full credit and great praise, for his able opposition to the Nebraska attempt at cheat and infamy. We are northern men, with northern principles, and democrats opposed to slavery, but can appreciate the qualities of many great men, not of the north; but among such we do not place Senator Douglass. We admire the lofty character of such men

as Houston, in protecting the aborigines from an attempt at infamous robbery, by a gang of land speculators, seeking more plunder in this very Nebraska bill. We say to this good, old, stately, time-honored warrior, that his character of justice we admire, and shall always admire him as a liberal statesman, although he may entertain different opinions from ourselves; and if it depended on our acts, we would crown his head with a wreath of four years presidential honors.

Mr. Webster speaking of slavery, says: "I invoke the ministers of our religion, that it proclaim the denunciation of these crimes. If the pulpit be silent whenever or wherever there may be a sinner bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust! What is it to the victim of this oppression when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it for the first time, loaded with chains, and bleeding with stripes? What is it to him but a wide-spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death! Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant to him—the sun is cast down from heaven—an inhuman and accursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him," &c., &c. And may the beautiful sentiments of humanity, so truly, and so eloquently, so touchingly expressed, serve to light the pathway of the illustrious statesman, as he enters the portals of immortality; and may they, by their deep-toned benevolence, their warm humanity, overshadow the sanction given by him to the fugitive slave law, in defiance of the quotation of the memorable words of Mr. Madison, or his own opinion, that the original law had no reference to slavery.

As for Stephen Arnold Douglass, we wish to him long life, that the first light of morning may fall upon him, and the last evening rays may linger upon him, so that early and late every passer by may stop to gaze upon him, and point to him as the political parricide, who to propitiate southern favor, raised his arm to stab the breathing symbol of liberty!







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